

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1900.

PRICE 2 CENTS

Dr. Greene's NERVURA
BLOOD-NERVE REMEDY.
MAKES CHILDREN WELL AND STRONG.

Mr. James Benway, Whalenborough, N. Y., says: "Two years ago my little son, Edward, was taken with a terrible case of eczema so bad that his head was one complete scab. He had a good head of hair but the scab was so thick that we could not see a single hair on his head. When we carried him on our arm, the scab would drip from his head. We did not think he would live, but we gave him Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and he got well and is now a bright and healthy child as any and has no return of the disease. I send this letter for publication for the good of others."

If your child is sick or not feeling right, give it Dr. Greene's wonderful Nervura, which is easily assimilated and harmless. If you wish you can have the advice of Dr. Greene at Temple Place, Boston, Mass., about your child free of charge. Write at once.

HISSED THE BOERS

A Toast Makes Trouble For Albany Society.

Members Resent The Remarks Of Justice Woodward.

He Declares Their Treatment Of Him As Un-American.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The annual reunion of the Albany society was held here tonight. About one hundred and fifty members were present. Among the speakers were Captain Charles Sibley, Lieutenant Governor Woodworth and Justice Woodward of the supreme court of the state of New York. After the first two had spoken, a sensation occurred. Justice Woodward, a personal friend of Governor Roosevelt, was down to respond to the toast, "The Dutch in Albany and South Africa." As he proceeded to treat of the Dutch in South Africa the guests began to chuckle and laugh and annoy him greatly. When he praised the Boers there was a general outbreak against his sentiments. One of the guests called for order and denounced the actions of the members as the most contemptible in the history of the society. He said: "Justice Woodward came here to speak on the invitation of the society and his subject was understood. If you are gentlemen, you will act as such; if you are not, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves." Justice Woodward tried ineffectually to continue, but skipped whole pages of manuscript and finally said: "I wish to apologize to you for being your guest tonight and for having the subject that I do. I have given offense and desire to apologize for it." Then drawing himself to his full height he thundered: "In closing I wish to propose a toast to that grand old statesman, the William the Silent of South Africa, a most impressive figure, President Paul Kruger." There were a few cheers from the Boer partisans, but they were drowned in a storm of hisses.

During the hubbub someone went to the leader of the orchestra and whispered a few words to him and as Justice Woodward took his seat the musicians struck up "Tommy Atkins." Those who favored the British cheered wildly. Justice Woodward was indignant in the extreme at his treatment by the society and characterized it as un-American.

DAD IN HARNESS.

Charles A. Watson, the agent for the Dad in Harness company, has been in the city today and tells an amusing story concerning Miss Beatrice Mackenzie, the leading lady of the above named attraction. It seems that Miss Mackenzie is the possessor of a magnificent driving coat, one of those long lawn colored things ladies so delight in. Recently while Dad in Harness was playing in New York, Miss Mackenzie had the following peculiar experience. She had been for her usual morning drive, returning to the theatre just in time for the matinee. She dashed up to the curb wearing the stunning coat, passed the reins to her coachman, and made a rush for the theatre. At the stage door she was met by her old colored dresser, Lou, who exclaimed in loud tones perceptible to everyone within a mile, "For de Lord's sake where did you all get that coat? Tell me where you had it made. I certainly must have me a coat like that." For a moment Miss Mackenzie was taken completely aback, but bound not to be outdone, she quietly remarked, "Why, I had it made at Park & Tifford's." (Incidentally Park & Tifford's is one of the largest grocery stores in New York.) For two weeks this colored woman, Lou, searched New York city for ladies' tailors by the name of Park & Tifford.

Dad in Harness will be seen at Music Hall, for one night, Monday, Jan. 15.

CHARGES NOT PRESSED.

The charge against John Prossen for passing a forged check on J. O. McDonald, a tailor in Salem, Mass., was withdrawn Wednesday, the 10th inst., and the matter settled out of court, \$50 cents.

Prossen, it will be remembered, was arrested here on Monday evening, on a similar charge but the matter was fixed up by a lawyer. Salem parties heard of the affair and he was at once rearrested and taken there by Marshal Hart. After his affair in Salem had been settled satisfactorily he was taken in charge by Lynn authorities and a few other little items against him will have to be settled.

TEA TABLE TALK.

As a result of the agitation in this column in favor of a speedway where the fellows owing fast horses might let them out during the good sleighing, the Marginal road has been put in shape by Street Commissioner Scruton and several of the racers may be seen there any afternoon. The stretch is a good one, wide enough for three rigs abreast, and the horsemen fully appreciate it.

One or two fellows in town got a tip on the result of the Dixon-McGlover fight, about an hour before the news had become generally known, Tuesday night, and went around placing bets with their friends on a cocksure thing. It is needless to say that they gained nothing in the estimation of those who are on to the affair. It is pretty cowardly betting to hang off till you are sure of the outcome and then bleed the men you meet and associate with every day. Betting is bad enough, anyway, but when carried to that extreme it becomes almost a crime.

That prize fight still has more interest for the masses than almost anything else was clearly indicated on Tuesday night, when the *Herald* office was crowded with men anxious to learn whether they had lost their bets or not. While about everybody favored the "Brooklyn terror," all expressed the greatest admiration for Dixon.

They tell me that the Austin-Lincoln association made a good thing out of its entertainment in celebration of the Emancipation proclamation. The net receipts were over sixty dollars, which may be considered an excellent showing.

Those Portsmouth people who have ever dined in Brigham's restaurant on Washington street, Boston, and had their coats brushed afterward by the colored waiter attending to their order, were not surprised to learn that Brigham left a big fortune. His place was as good as any in the city, and it was supported by a high class of trade.

Although we do not hear much these days about the building fund of the Methodist church, it is a fact that the project is progressing most satisfactorily, and cannot be anything but a success. The work is being done in a rather quiet way, without any flourish of trumpets, but it is being done well, just the same.

Have dances gone out of fashion, is a very pertinent query just now. The gay waltzers are having very small chance to enjoy their favorite diversion this season. The few dances that have been held so far have not been marked by the enthusiasm that usually attends them.

That young man from Gloucester who passed the forged checks here seemed to be a good enough fellow at heart, but was led astray by an ambition to have a better time than his means afforded. He made the same mistake that a lot of other young men have made before him, and his critics should not be entirely uncharitable. Foug.

POOL TOURNAMENT.

A radical departure was made in the pool tournament of the Piscataqua club on Wednesday, when it was decided to play games in the afternoon as well as in the evening. The following scores were made: George 100, Costello 61; Kehon 100, George 59; George 100, Dennett 49; Kehon 100, Costello 93; George 100, Morrison 89; Dennett 100, Grenier 93. In the evening the games resulted as follows: O'Neill 100, Gray 77; George 100, Smart 63; George 100, Coleman 91.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Balsam Quinine Tablets All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25¢.

Scratch, scratch, scratch; unable to attend to business during the day or sleep during the night. Itching piles—horrible plague. Doan's Ointment cures. Never fails. At any drug store.

FROM THE BRITISH

Very Few Losses Reported At Ladysmith, Saturday.

Terrible List Of Casualties May Be Coming, However.

Said That The Boer Commandos Suffered Severely.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—The war office announces that the list of the British casualties at Ladysmith last Saturday has not yet been received. The following despatch is at hand, however, from Pretoria Camp, January 10th, sent by General Butler: "It is reported that in the fight at Ladysmith last Saturday four British were killed and fifteen wounded. The Boers were forced to withstand a withering fire in front of the town and were defeated on all sides.

According to the natives, one Boer commando alone suffered a loss of one hundred and fifty killed, and the wounded filled a large number of wagons. These losses fell mostly on the troops from the Orange Free State, who were forced by the Boers to take the most advanced and perilous positions in the attack." This is all the news from South Africa that the war office has received tonight. Not the slightest mention is made of the plans or movements of the British troops. This may be taken to mean that Lady Smith is still safe, but on the other hand it may be intended to prepare the British public for the reception of a terrible list of casualties that will stagger the kingdom.

ANNUAL MEETING, S. P. C. A.

At the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the following officers were elected:

President, John J. Pickering; Vice Presidents, Mrs. F. H. Winchester, Mrs. W. F. Parrott, A. H. Ladd, A. O. Larkin, Frank Jones, J. S. H. Fink, Alfred Gooding, A. L. Elwry; Directors, Mrs. H. C. Knight, Messrs. M. A. Foster, A. F. Jeunesse, S. E. Christie, M. R. Lyman, E. H. Pearson, Hope Goodwin, K. M. Haven, K. H. M. Shores, Edith Thacher, J. J. Berry, A. C. Hough, J. R. Stanwood, J. E. Langton, J. R. May; Secretary and Treasurer, J. R. May; Counsel, J. S. H. Fink.

Trustees Permanent Fund, J. J. Pickering, J. S. H. Fink, John R. May, Annie F. Jeunesse; State Agent, R. E. Hodgkins; The state agent reported the following work for the year:

Complaints investigated.....	187
Horses shot.....	69
Horses ordered from work.....	7
Broken blinds remedied.....	11
Warnings given when underfed or abused.....	23
Dog shot.....	41
Cats provided with homes.....	8
Cats shot.....	13
Cats provided with homes.....	7
Cats removed from trees.....	3
Cats shot or fired.....	2
Snared grouse miscreantly killed.....	3
Animals medicinally treated.....	20
Cows (tuberculosis) shot.....	2
Warnings for abuse of poultry.....	2
Arrests made.....	11

Fouge.

KITTEN.

KITTEN, Mo., Jan. 11. The following companies have been organized at the law office of F. E. Rowell, Esq.:

The National Power Co., organized for the purpose of manufacturing and distributing electrical power, with \$1,000,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, W. E. Taft of Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, F. E. Rowell of Kitten, Mo. Certificate approved, Jan. 5, 1900.

The Beacon Construction Co., organized for the purpose of dealing in building material with \$500,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, W. H. Withersell of Melrose, Mass.; treasurer, F. M. Libbey of Hull, Mass. Certificate approved, Jan. 5, 1900.

At the regular meeting of Whipple Lodge of Good Templars last evening there was a musical program and a debate after the usual business of the evening, the question under discussion being, "Resolved, That the mental capacity of the sexes is equal." The affirmative of

IS NOT GUILTY.

Tennessee Jury Acquits An

Actress Of Murder.

Charged With Killing Leading Man On The Stage.

She Makes An Impassioned Speech To Jurymen.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Jan. 10.—The end came today in the sensational case of Julia Morrison James, charged with the murder of Frank Lydenheimer, of the Mr. Plaster of Paris company, in which they were leading man and woman, on the stage of the Chattanooga Opera house on the evening of September 23d last. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty. Miss Morrison made a dramatic speech to the jury after the twelve men had vindicated her honor. She said: "I thank you, gentlemen of the jury, for your just and generous decision. May God in his mercy be ever just to you, as you have been to me in this affair of life and death. As for the prosecutors of this case, I fully forgive them and cherish no malice toward them. The strenuous efforts of my persecutors," turning to Mrs. George Antz, the sister of the murdered man, who was overcome by emotion, "I leave to their consciences and their God. If it were in my power to restore her brother to life, she may rest assured that I would certainly do it." The decision of the jury was wildly cheered by the people in the building and hundreds outside, unable to obtain admittance. Miss James will remain here for several weeks and then enter upon a lecturing tour. Her subject will be, "The Other Side of the Stage," and she will endeavor to show the dangers awaiting young girls who attempt a career before the footlights.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Lieut. Commander U. R. Harris, from the Indians to the Washington navy yard for examination for promotion; Lieut. Commander L. L. Reamey, from the Washington navy yard to the Texas as executive; Lieut. Commander A. C. Dillingham, from the Texas to the Indiana as executive; Naval Cadet A. W. Johnson, to the Texas; Robert Strayer, appointed Paymaster's Clerk on the nomination of Assistant Paymaster W. V. H. Rose.

These marine corps orders have been issued:

Second Lieut. R. P. Williams, from the marine barracks Boston, to the marine barracks League Island, for duty; Second Lieutenant Fredrick M. Eshick, from the marine barracks, Washington, to the marine barracks, Norfolk, instructions; Second Lieutenants Macker, Babb and Herbert Mather, to the marine barracks, Washington, for instruction.

BISMARCK'S IRON NERVE. Was the result of his splendid health Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25 cts. at Globe Grocery Co.

Flatulence is cured by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

OBITUARY.

Charles F. Rines.

Charles F. Rines, a well known resident of Richards Avenue, died this morning after a long illness. Mr. Rines was nearly eighty years old and leaves several sons and a daughter in the northern part of the state.

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CARSON WILDRED'S CRIME

A DETECTIVE STORY OF TWO CONTINENTS
By Harry Wood Reynolds

(CONTINUED.)

than twenty-five or six, and evidently of a superior class."

Right o'clock struck, however, and I was reluctantly obliged to give up all idea of receiving any news from America for the night. Five minutes later, as I restlessly paced the room, the wished-for knock sounded, but there was no cablegram to be presented on a tray. A young, fresh-faced man in plain clothing stood there, who I knew before he spoke must be the expected detective.

"I think, sir," said the young man of the cheerful countenance, "that we've been on a false scent to-day."

I got him to sit down and launched him upon the full tide of narrative.

"Mr. Wildred was away when we first arrived at the house by the lock, sir," he went on, "but we should have made use of our search warrant without waiting for his return had not the passage and the octagonal room you described, as well as the tower, been shut off from all communication with the older part of the house by a heavy iron door, of which Mr. Wildred invariably carries the key. This his butler explained by saying that the door had been placed there on account of his master's chemical experiments, which were sometimes of a slightly dangerous character, unless great precautions were used, and in case of an explosion or other accident the safety of the living rooms might be assured by means of the iron door. The only way of opening it would have been to employ dynamite, the lock being impregnable; and as the grounds for suspicion against Mr. Wildred were not yet strong enough to resort to such violent means, there was nothing to do but wait. He was wired for to London on once."

"Naturally he would prefer being on the spot," I said, with something like a sneer. "All the same, I am very sure that there is another means of communicating with the octagonal room and the tower besides the main door through the passage." And I mentioned the mysterious disappearance of the servant, which had on Christmas day led me to believe in the existence of a secret way of exit.

"We did look about for something of the sort, and even went down the cellar," said the detective, "but saw not the slightest sign to suggest a secret door."

"Well, go on, then, to Mr. Wildred's return," I exclaimed impatiently. "I am anxious to learn why it has been decided that I put you on the wrong track."

"When he came home he admitted very frankly that he had been annoyed at the bother occasioned by our telegram, but appeared by that time to have recovered from his vexation and to be inclined to laugh the matter off. He let us know in a moment that he guessed how the information had come but we said nothing, of course, to confirm his supposition."

"In the first place he opened the iron door, explaining its workings as though he took some pride in its mechanism, which he said he had invented himself. Then he showed us into the octagonal room, which he had fitted up as a studio and smoking room combined. The little door you had seen behind the drapery merely led into a cupboard containing boots, an artist's model—a jointed figure of wood—and other odds and ends. It was concealed only because it was not an object of beauty," Mr. Wildred said.

"We then proceeded to the tower, where the chemical experiments are made. There is a small room, reached by mounting a skeleton staircase of iron, and there we were shown Mr. Wildred's apparatus. I know something of chemistry myself, having had a lad that way when I was a boy, and I could see that everything was straight and above board."

"A big fireplace in the room accounts for the sparks you saw when you approached the house that day, and Mr. Wildred voluntarily mentioned that there had been something wrong with the flues, so that his experiments could not be conducted properly, and he had sent for an expert to come down from London to look at everything. The man had been expected on Christmas eve then on Christmas day, as Mr. Wildred considered the matter urgent, and finally arrived the day after. Mr. Wildred gave us his address without waiting to be asked to do so. That accounted for one more point in our story sir—the man who was so anxiously looked for, the man the butler seemed at first to take you to be."

"We then said we had been informed that screams or groans had been heard issuing from his house on Christmas day. Mr. Wildred laughed, remarking that judging from what he knew of our informant, he had been waiting for us to come to that."

"And he repeated the explanation which had been given you, asking us also if we would care to see the scar (which was not yet quite healed) made by the methylated spirit on the cook's foot or ankle."

"We thought it best to do as he suggested—indeed, if we had not, we should have proposed the same course ourselves, for the sake of making assurance doubly sure. The cook was sent for; a very handsome young woman, sir, bright and ready with her answers. She described the accident, and whipping off her shoe and stocking from the right foot, showed us a red mark which spread from the ankle down over the whole instep."

"So the cook was a handsome young woman, was she?" I asked suspiciously, remembering the face which had peered at me through the narrow window by the door. "Had she great black eyes, a very white face and a quantity of dark hair?"

"She had, sir. That would describe her very well. A woman not more

one of England's fairest counties. As it was I merely clattered at the endless hill, up which the horses slowly plodded, and I inclined to think that I should have done better to trust to my own feet or come on a bicycle from town. The curtain of twilight was falling by the time my eye entered the long avenue that led to the house. Here and there lights shone out from the windows, and as the vehicle drew up before the door I caught a glimpse of something which set my heart throb-

bing than to patronize the house. "Ah, indeed? I'm sorry to hear that he has left. Is he with friends in town, or has he gone to Denver?" I questioned, with as bland an air as I could well command.

"Can't tell you whether he's gone to Denver, I'm sure, sir. But I think it's pretty sure he's not in town, and somehow or other I've got the impression that he mentioned he was going West."

"I suppose his health improved more rapidly than I expected, then?" I went on. "I understood before crossing that his accident on shipboard had laid him up for awhile, and that it would be some time before he felt fit to undertake the journey home."

"He did seem rather steady," vouchsafed the clerk. "He wasn't very thin, if you mean that. But he limped about with a crutch, and as he had bumped his forehead in the same fall which sprained his ankle, he wore a green shade that covered his temples and eyes."

I grew attentive at this. It appeared to me that here was a point in my favor.

"I should like to have a talk with one of his old friends in the hotel," I said.

"The manager for instance. No doubt he knows Mr. Farnham very well?"

"He does, but he's out of town on business for a day or two. I think you'll find though, that our bartender and Mr. Farnham were about as chummy together as any one in the house."

Apparently at my leisure, really with great impatience. I repaired to the very handsome "barroom" of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and here the oracle was very communicative.

Having mixed me a peculiar American drink called "gin fizz," the bartender was willing to chat of Mr. Farnham.

"I guess he must have been pretty bad this last time," he said in response to my first question, "for he didn't trouble the bar-room much."

"He did come in, however, did he not?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, he came in once or twice, but I thought he acted rather grumpy and queer."

"Did you have a good look at him

There might be one way out, and I took it.

"I will wait," I announced, "until the ladies return. Or possibly Sir Walter."

"Sir Walter won't be here for a day or two," promptly responded the man.

"As for the ladies, sir, unfortunately they are not expected back this evening until—until the last train—too late, as you can understand to receive any visitors, as at all events they can't reach the house until after eleven."

I will write a line on my card, then, to be handed to the ladies, whom I regret never having seen," I said with what dignity I had at my command, and stepping past him into the hall, despite a visible gleam of consternation in his eye, I deliberately took out a pencil and card case, slowly scribbling a few words.

I conspicuously placed a sovereign on the card as I gave it to the footman, remarking quietly that I would wish the latter to be delivered in the presence of both ladies if possible. Then I seemed to have come to the end of my resources, until a desperate idea seized me.

I turned from the door and got into the cab, which the footman politely opened for me as if only too glad to speed the parting guest. The direction to "the station" was given, the gravel crunched under the wheels and horse's hoofs, the door at which I had been received so inhosptably shut me out of paradise, and no doubt the servant triumphantly watched me drive off, halfway down the avenue, however, I thrust my stick from the window of the rattle-trap vehicle and stopped the coachman.

"I have forgotten something I carry in," I said. "You needn't go back; wait here, and I'll return in a few moments."

The fly was standing just out of sight from the house, and rapidly leaving it behind me. I strode over the frozen grass of the lawn, taking a shorter cut than the avenue would have been.

The falling darkness had protected me, I felt confident, from being seen by anybody in the house as I crossed the lawn, and I approached with a boldness, which only left me as I reached the window.

I could, I thought, understand what his motive for so foul a murder might have been. He had just purchased a valuable gold mine from Farnham. Should Farnham be made to vanish without fear of suspicion falling upon Wildred, the latter might not only be the owner of the mine, but repossess himself of the purchase money, which must have comprised a very large sum.

In the midst of the cogitations which followed upon the receipt of the inspector's letter another cablegram was handed to me from Farnham himself, merely saying: "Many thanks for kind inquiries. Lucy turned up here calling, but too sickly to write at present. Glad to hear from you.—Fifth Avenue Hotel."

It was then Friday. In five minutes after reading this kind and apparently conclusive cablegram I had resolved that on the following day, Saturday, I would sail for New York.

My decisions when made are usually soon acted upon. Within a couple of hours after receiving the inspector's letter and the message from New York my passage was engaged for the following day. A curious mood was upon me as I began my preparations. Hardly more than a fortnight ago I had been congratulating myself on the prospect of a considerable stay in London. My ideal existence had for the moment been an utterly aimless one. I was sated with excitement and what is popularly called "adventure," and had only wanted to rest and amuse myself, had meant to be a man about town until I should again tire of the life, drifting agreeably here and there, taking pleasure as it came, troubling myself little about other people's affairs or my own.

"Good day," I began agreeably, wishing that in former visits to New York I had stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, so that now, for my quest's sake I should be accorded the welcome of an old friend.

"Good day," was the brisk reply. "You want a room?"

"I should like first to inquire if Mr. Harvey Farnham of Denver Colorado, is staying here," I said. "My principal object in choosing this hotel was to meet him, but—"

"Good day," I began again, "I suppose he has no room available, as he has not yet returned."

"I have a long dreary drive after leaving the train, though in other circumstances I might have been charmed by

as well not have been in the hotel."

"Would you have recognized his voice?" I asked, "if you had not seen him?"

"I would when he was well and like himself, sir, in a minute, but not this time, because of the bad cold he'd got in the voyage, which he said was the worst he'd ever had. He did nothing at cough and wheeze, and could only speak in a hoarse sort of whisper."

"These details were all I could extract from 'Ginnie,' the chambermaid; but before I left the hotel I thought to examine the visitors' book for Farnham's name, wishing to look at the handwriting, which, if his, I felt sure I could not fail to recognize.

Evidently he had not considered it worth while to write in the visitors' book on this occasion, though I found that he had scrawled his name on a visit some months before.

Having by dint of some exertion found the cabin boy who had driven Farnham from the hotel to the railway depot, I made sure that his luggage had been "checked" to Denver, and so set forth again, with a feeling that I had something to go upon.

It was just breakfast time when I arrived, but the business world of Denver, Col., and the "Great West" is astir at an hour which would appear unusual in England. I asked for Mr. Farnham, and was told by a young clerk that he had returned to Denver three or four days previously. He had not been at the offices, as he was somewhat unwell as yet, but if I chose I could see Mr. Bennett, who would tell me when he might be expected.

I remembered Bennett, now that I was reminded of his existence, as an energetic young fellow, high in Farnham's confidence, who probably knew as much about the mining and other financial interests as did his employer. I said therefore, that I would see Mr. Bennett by all means.

He came in to me briskly in a few moments, surprised and, he said, delighted to see me again. Yes, it was quite true that Mr. Farnham had returned, but was as yet unable to be troubled by business affairs.

"You look ill, Mr. Stanton," remarked Bennett. "I guess you've had a tiresome journey. I know what a nasty run that is between Chicago and Denver."

"I believe I am a bit knocked up," I said, "though ought to be able to stand a trifle like that and think nothing of it. I should be glad to see Mr. Farnham. I suppose such an old friend as I might venture to call on him, even though he isn't feeling as fit as I should like to think him. If he isn't likely to turn up here presently I might drive to the house, and he'd give me breakfast, I dare say."

"I will wait," I announced, "until the ladies return. Or possibly Sir Walter."

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The fly was standing just out of sight from the house, and rapidly leaving it behind me. I strode over the frozen grass of the lawn, taking a shorter cut than the avenue would have been.

"Pretty good. Almost as close as you are now I guess."

"And did he appear the same as usual, with the exception of the green shade over his eye?"

"Well, I reckon he did. I was kind of busy both times, and I don't know as I took much notice."

"Still"—and I called up a laugh—"you'd have known whether it really was Mr. Farnham, or stranger passing himself off in his place?"

The bartender stared at me for an instant, and he spoke his inmost thoughts, probably they might have been appropriately expressed in the slang phrase, "Ah, what are you giving me?"

"Well, it might have been his grandfather's ghost, I daresay," he facetiously remarked at length, "but, anyhow, there seemed to be a strong resemblance between Harvey Farnham and him."

I set down my glass untouched. A cold confection was growing within me that I had been mistaken: that villain Carson Wildred was, he had not, after all, been guilty of the one great crime which I had attributed to him. It seemed almost impossible that this keen-eyed man, accustomed to Farnham's comings and goings for several years, could have mistaken another for him.

"A few days," I echoed.

"I tell you what you do, Mr. Stanton," Bennett continued, recovering his wounded self-possession. "You just go up to the house and make yourself at home there till Mr. Farnham gets back. You know what a big place it is, and how glad the chief is to fill it with his friends, especially such friends as you. Then, by the end of next week, anyway—well, in a few days, however."

I interrupted him impatiently. "What will be the way till then?"

"I should think it probable from what he said before he left sir?"

"I wish," I exclaimed desperately, "that you could see your way to make things a little clearer for me. I don't want to pry into Mr. Farnham's affairs, of course—that goes without saying. But perhaps, without any betrayal of confidence, you might let me know exactly what he did tell you in regard to his return."

"Well," said Bennett, with a short laugh, "seeing it's you, the fact is, Mr. Stanton, it is a very considerable relief to my mind to talk over the matter and ask your opinion as to one or two points that have been rather troubling me."

CHAPTER XXI

"The fact is," said Bennett, "I haven't quite known what to make of Mr. Farnham since he's been back on this side the herring-pond. Of course he hasn't been well, but that would hardly be enough to account for the change in him. Did you see him, may I ask, Mr. Stanton, when he was in England?"

I informed him that I had done so, not thinking it best to volunteer the statement that I had only met him once.

"And did he seem like himself?"

This was rather turning the tables upon me. I was not prepared to answer many questions, but without hesitation I replied to this, saying that in my opinion Farnham had seemed uncommonly well and well.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

When doctors fail try Burdock Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation, invigorates the whole system.

90 Pains

out of every hundred are caused by, or accompanied with, inflammation. The quietest relief and cure of inflammation is given by JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, either internally or externally as the case requires. It is pleasant to take, dropped on sugar, and the relief it gives when rubbed on the surface is sure and swift. At any time of year it cures colic, cramps, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafing. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, is gripe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and indigestion. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been in constant use, day and night, for

90 Years

You can trust and depend on a remedy that has

SCHWAN'S OPERATIONS

Insurgents Under Noriel Driven Out of Several Towns.

ONE AMERICAN KILLED IN FIGHT.

United States Troops Which Had Not Been Under Fire Before Advance Challenging Loss of the Enemy Is Not Known.

Manila, Jan. 10.—After a long and tiresome march from San Pedro Macabae general Schwan's brigade reached Muntinlupa on Friday evening.

The enemy left a half hour prior to the arrival of the Macabae scouts. They were then retreating to the south. A cavalry scouting party was sent southwest and reported that the insurgents were a short distance off. The insurgents opened fire, and the cavalry returned to camp, giving bad orders not to engage the enemy.

General Schwan early on the morning of Jan. 6 divided his command, sending two battalions of the Thirtieth regiment and Forty-sixth regiment, with a wagon train, along the coast toward Binang. The general himself proceeded along with the Macabae scouts and Steele's battalion of the Thirtieth regiment, Colonel Hayes' cavalry and three mountain guns. He took the trail inland toward Binang.

Encountered the Enemy.

When a short distance from the town, the Macabae scouts and Hayes' 50 cavalry scouts encountered the enemy. The insurgents were soon routed. Two Americans were wounded. The enemy retreated across the mountain region of Silan. Major Nolan's squadron of the Eleventh cavalry went several miles to the westward, but failed to develop anything.

San Pedro Tanacan was deserted, and three gun carriages found in a cane field were evidence that the guns had been recently removed. After our troops had reached the broad rice field near Buan the enemy were discovered cavalry watching the advancing troops. They then occupied a position with the protection of a low stone wall along the creek a quarter of a mile long.

The Macabae scouts deployed, followed by Steele's battalion of the Thirtieth regiment. The enemy were in plain view. A formation was effected and the Americans were soon within range. When they were about 100 yards distant, the enemy opened fire, killing Corporal Johnson, Company E, and wounding two men of Company F of the Thirtieth regiment.

Never Under Fire Before.

The men were never before under fire, but advanced cheering. The insurgents retreated to the town. When our troops reached the outskirts, they observed the enemy down the road in the plaza. Hayes' 50 cavalry scouts charged and were received with only a few shots. The enemy disappeared, but the presence of many ammos indicated that they were preparing for their old tactics.

Several natives who had discarded their uniforms were found and arrested. The natives here say that the insurgents had six companies of 500 men under General Noriel. They occupied the town yesterday and sent a wagon train toward Silan or Carmona. When they heard of General Schwan's advance, they left approximately 200 men as a rear guard. The insurgents' loss is unknown. Four were found, and also one wounded.

Several rifles were captured. —

Colonel Bullard of the Thirty-ninth regiment entered the town of Raiding three days ago and drove out the insurgents. The latter returned subsequently.

A scouting party reports that the enemy is two miles outside of the Silan road. It is believed that the American advance will be hotly contested.

Blackburn Chosen Senator.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 10.—The first ballot for United States senator was taken in the houses of the legislature separately yesterday and resulted in a strict party vote for the regular caucus nominees, J. C. S. Blackburn (Dem.) and W. O. Bradley (Rep.). The vote for Blackburn was: House, 57; senate, 22; total, 79. The vote for Bradley was: House, 42; senate, 12; total, 54. Necessary to a choice, 70. A joint ballot will be taken today, and similar ballots will be taken again on next Tuesday and Wednesday. Jan. 16 and 17, to conform to various interpretations of the law.

Three Tugs Icebound.

Detroit, Jan. 10.—A special to The Free Press from Grand Haven, Mich., says: "The fishing tugs Anna, Augur and Boss are frozen into an icefield several miles out in the lake, and grave fears are entertained for the crew of seven men carried by each. There are only a few hours' fuel aboard the tugs and the only food the men have is the fish they may have taken. Late last night the Anna and Augur blowing distress signals, and it is feared she is sinking. Both the Anna and Nyack and the ice-crushing tug Boomer have tried in vain to get out to the

Casting Statue For Park.

New York, Jan. 10.—The first casting for the huge bronze equestrian statue of George Washington which is to be presented to the city of Paris by the daughters of the Revolution has been successfully accomplished at the Henry-Bernard Bronze company's works in this city. When completed, the statue will be 15 feet 8 inches high and weigh 11 tons. Charles C. French is the sculptor. The statue will cost \$35,000 and will be unveiled in Paris July 4 next.

Governor Voorhees' Appointments.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Governor Voorhees has sent to the senate the following nominations: Fog supreme court justice, John H. Lippincott, reappointment; bank and insurance commissioner, William Bottie, reappointment; state prison supervisor, Edward J. Anderson, reappointment; prosecutor for Bergen county, Ernest Lester (Rep.), to succeed Peter W. Stagg (Dem.).

Count Dismissed From German Army

Berlin, Jan. 10.—Count Pueckler-Limpurg, a Lieutenant in the Fifth guards, has been dismissed from the army for cheating at cards. Lieutenant Count Kollegmarck, Germany's best gentleman rider, who some time ago was seriously injured, is now completely recovered.

Hibernians Denounce England.

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 10.—The Ancient Hibernians' 18th meeting last night adopted resolutions in favor of the Boers and denouncing England as an oppressor of human liberty.

DEARTH OF WAR NEWS.

A Temporary Peace Seems to Prevail on the Battlefields.

London, Jan. 10.—Again there is a dearth of news. Since Saturday a temporary peace seems to have descended on the various fields of war.

General French has made a reconnaissance toward Achterberg, which lies on the east of Colesberg, marking the Boers' retire.

General Gatacre gives no sign, and General Methuen's force is still lying entrenched on the Modder river.

No further news of General White's victory has come through, and it is yet to be learned at what cost it was purchased by the garrison.

From Colenso comes intelligence of General Butler's demonstration on Saturday, which emphasizes the fact that the Boers are conducting their campaign with great cunning and skill.

When, with the faint hope of drawing off some of the Boers from the attack on Ladysmith, General Cleary led out a strong force of cavalry and guns, he left having as its objective Doornkop and his right Hlangwane mountain, the Boers refused to disclose their strength.

They evidently were in their trenches and in Colenso itself, but though both brigades advanced well up to the positions where the battle had raged most fiercely more than three weeks ago there was no animated response to the British challenge.

Even when the artillery came within 1,200 yards of the Boer rifles and General Cleary himself rode close to the Tugela the trenches remained silent.

For Sale by all dealers; price 50 cents.

Paster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE

Can Always Find the Best of Proof In Home Testimony.

The following public statement comes from a resident who can be seen on the street, who can be interviewed at his home, and who will only be too pleased to give minute particulars to any one who really suffers from any of the consequences which inevitably follow weakened or over-exerted kidneys.

It is not such evidence of more value than a published statement from some citizen in a far-away place?

Mr. Thomas E. Blake, of No. 6 Green street says:—"As I grew I always had a weak back and kidneys, and finally a painful annoying urinary trouble developed. The kidney secretions were highly colored, contained a gritty substance like sand or brick dust, and they were often thick and of a milky hue. Mornings I was so weak that many a time I had to slide downstairs, being unable to attempt it on my feet. I could not sleep nights for the aching and this was often accompanied by dizziness and distress. I tried remedies, then one doctor and then another, but nothing got down to cause until I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills. I paid at a single time \$8 to a doctor for medicine but it did not do me a cent's worth of good.

I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills after my experience. They are a valuable medicine."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents.

Paster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

M'GOVERN IS CHAMPION

Whips George Dixon in Eight Rounds.

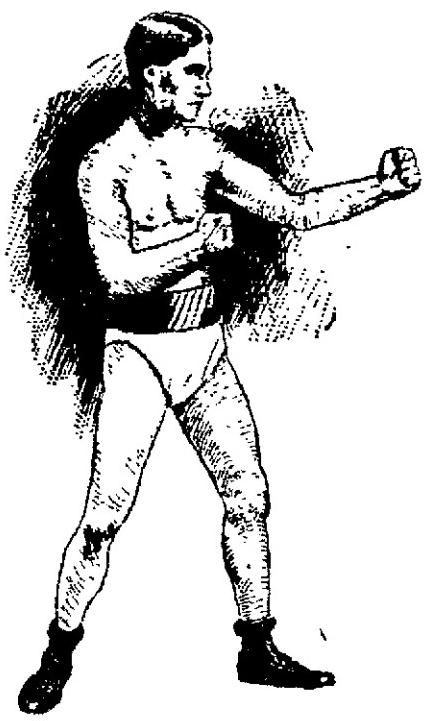
O'Rourke Prevented a Knockout

Late Champion's Manager Threw Up the Sponge When His Man Had Been Floored Three Times in One Round—Hot Fight While It>Lasted.

New York, Jan. 10.—After holding the featherweight championship of the world, which he won from "Cal" McCarthy nearly nine years ago, George Dixon had to relinquish it to the little Brooklyn "terror," Terry McGovern, last night at the Broadway Athletic club. McGovern in defeating Dixon possesses double championship honors. He is now the bantam as well as the featherweight champion of the world. The fight lasted only eight rounds.

The fight round.—The men entered the ring at 9:47. Both sparred cautiously for an opening. McGovern hit eye with left. Clinch. Dixon returns left on eye. Dixon banged McGovern's nose with hard left. At close Dixon smashes McGovern on wind. Dixon's round.

Second round.—McGovern ducked into a hot left. Hammered Dixon on wind. Dixon puts two lefts on stomach. Both



TERRY M'GOVERN.

swing on head in mix up. Dixon puts McGovern half way through the ropes. McGovern lands twice on wind. Dixon landed left hook on neck, staggering McGovern.

"In this institution a most anomalous condition exists. It is one of the great reformatory institutions of the world. In some respects its management is excellent, bearing evidence of consummate skill and ability. In other respects it is as bad as it very well could be. Discipline has been and is maintained by methods which should not be tolerated in reformatory institutions in the last days of the nineteenth century.

"While economy has characterized some branches of the administration, gross extravagance has been apparent in others. A policy of extension has been pursued by the managers for years, when as a matter of fact the institution is one-half too large at present for either successful or economical management as a reformatory."

"As a matter of fact institutions in which confined criminals are associated with young and comparatively inexperienced offenders, many of them two in a cell, approach nearer to being schools for crime than reformatories."

With Chase For Life.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 10.—George Denbil, a truckman employed on the New York Central railroad, saw a woman start to cross the Hudson river on the ice near Low Point station yesterday afternoon. He watched her to see if the ice is very thin, and he realized that she was in danger. When she was half way across, he saw her break through the ice. Denbil ran to a freight train which stood on the old Troy middle track, and at his request the engineer uncoupled his locomotive and ran a mile down the track to a signal tower where a rowboat is kept. Denbil and another man put the rowboat on the ice and ran toward the woman, pushing the boat before them. Several times they broke through, but clung to the boat and thus saved themselves from going down. After a heroic struggle they succeeded in reaching and rescuing the woman, who had clung to an ice floe for nearly half an hour. They took her ashore after another perilous journey and had her cared for at a farmhouse. Denbil, who lives in this city, did not learn the woman's name, but he says that she lives on the west shore and was trying to reach home when she met with the accident which so nearly cost her her life.

Race War in Tennessee.

Memphis, Jan. 10.—A special to The Commercial Appeal from Ripley received at midnight says: "The latest reports from the large posse which went in pursuit of the Gingers negroes are that two of the insurgents have been caught and lynched. The two negroes were

swinged to trees at the roadside. One of the dead men is the prisoner who was being escorted to the jail when the officers were shot by his brothers. The searching parties are still out hunting for other participants in the crime. It is reported that many negroes in the neighborhood are arming themselves, and extreme runs high. Negroes are being run off the streets at night and are warned to remain quiet. A negro was assaulted last night by a white man and is perhaps fatally injured. Every incoming train has brought large numbers of negroes who have joined in pursuit of other negroes."

Cuban Politics.

Santiago, Cuba, Jan. 10.—Generals Rabi, Miro, Lucia and Castro were received on their arrival from Havana with great enthusiasm. More than 5,000 persons met them at the wharf. They attended receptions at the Cuban club, and in the evening a large crowd gathered in the plaza to hear speeches detailing the result of the conference with General Wood. General Miro criticized the government and said he had faith in President McKinley. General Castro, an incendiary haranguer, advised the Cubans to prepare if necessary to renew the struggle against a new and stronger enemy. The gratuity of the little ones, he said, pleased him immensely. The cup is nearly six feet in height. Accompanying it is a silver bound volume containing the names of the contributors of the dimes.

Fighting Bicycle Trust.

Cleveland, Jan. 10.—The Plain Dealer says: Recent circulars sent out by the bicycle trust indicate that it is after the independent manufacturers. The independent concerns have organized into a protective association and are preparing to meet the trust at every point. The direct bone of contention seems to be over a bottom bracket and other patents which the trust is trying to prevent the independent concerns from using without first getting a license from the American Bicycle company.

Loss Made Him Insane Again.

Centreville, N. Y., Jan. 10.—Albert Bunce, 25 years old, was discharged as cured from an insane asylum a few days before Miller's Franklin syndicate in Brooklyn was closed up by the police. Bunce had \$100. His father-in-law had invested \$6,000 in the syndicate, and Bunce became a depositary to the extent of his cash surplus. When the syndicate was put out of business, Bunce showed signs of returning insanity. He was taken last night to the asylum at King's Park, his mind having given way under the mental strain caused by the loss of his money.

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Jack Root Whips Tommy West.

Chicago, Jan. 10.—Jack Root of Chicago was given the decision over Tommy West of New York at the end of six rounds in Tattersall's pavilion last night. The men fought at catch weights, straight Queenbury rules.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

London In Grasp of the Grip.

London, Jan. 10.—The great epidemic of influenza in London shows no signs of abatement, but rather is increasing. The hospitals report an increase in the number of cases, and already business is seriously deranged through the number of absentees.

Count Dismissed From German Army

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THE FLOUR SEIZURE.

Believed That England Will Apologize and Pay For Flour.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Administration officials have good reasons for believing that Great Britain will back down in the matter of the seizures of American flour and will recognize the correctness of the position assumed by the United States.

If Lord Salisbury's reply to Embassador Chaote confirms this belief, it is expected that the British government will disavow the acts of her naval officials and make further reparation in the way of indemnity.

The representations made by Embassador Chaote upon the subject in his note to Lord Salisbury took up the broad question of the right of a belligerent to interfere with the trade of neutrals. This government contended that Great Britain exceeded her rights in interrupting commerce between this country and a Portuguese port, both nations being neutral, and left it for Great Britain to meet the issue.

Lord Salisbury promised early consideration of Mr. Chaote's note, and the department expects an early reply.

Reply to Germany Unsatisfactory.

Berlin, Jan. 10.—The seizures of German vessels by British warships are still uppermost in the public mind in Germany.

The first British official reply to Germany's request for an explanation arrived yesterday from Lord Salisbury, but is unsatisfactory, although the foreign ministry admits that the tone of the British answer is conciliatory and that its argument is plausible.

Polymast Postmaster Removed.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Among the nominations of postmasters sent to the Senate yesterday was that of Robert Murdoch, at Logan, Utah, to succeed Orson Smith. The latter was removed several months ago because of some trouble in the accounts of the office, since which time it has been in the hands of Smith's bondsmen.

The first public announcement that Smith, an alleged polymast, was appointed to office by President McKinley was made in a speech of the representatives by Brighton H. Roberts of Utah. In his address defending his right to a seat in the house Mr. Roberts declared that President McKinley had appointed John C. Graham postmaster at Provo and Orson C. Smith postmaster at Logan, both in Utah, although protest had been made that both men were guilty of polygamy.

BuyNow!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF

Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you don't want to buy.</

THE HERALD.

Formerly The Evening Post
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1884.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

We want local news! Read the Herald—more local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it!

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1900.

Nobody will feel like opening the door of statehood to Alaska until after the spring thaw.

America put 954 ships in the water last year, not counting the Spanish vessels that were sent to the bottom.

A Boer will retire gracefully from the veldt, and promptly surrender his kopje, if the enemy will kindly permit him to retain his laager.

No one can blame the statesmen for claiming the credit of writing the gold plank in the republican platform. It is something to be proud of.

There is certainly nothing in the conduct of the British army to substantiate the assertion that there are 300 Americans in one of the brigades.

"One of the first results of Gov. Wood's administration in Cuba is an invitation to the supply of \$500,000 worth of furniture. Education is all that is needed to swing Cuba into its proper place."

The result of our ownership of the Philippines will be the abolition of slavery everywhere in the islands, and no one except a hater of his country, a copperhead, could pretend to have any doubt on this point.

The confederate regiment at Gettysburg lost 720 killed and wounded out of eight hundred men. There has been some sharp fighting in South Africa, but nothing to recall the battles of the American civil war.

War department expenses are 38 per cent. less than they were at this time last year, and the treasury surplus for the last six months is over \$21,000,000. Prophets who saw financial ruin in the Philippine policy are keeping quiet.

The Canadian troops are making themselves heard and felt in the Transvaal campaign. Their lives have been spent in such close proximity to the United States that they necessarily acquired a little military skill by absorption.

The three new battleships whose designs have been accepted will cost \$7,000,000 each and be able to cruise 7000 miles with one coaling. No more powerful vessels were ever afloat, and this is the standard Uncle Sam proposes to maintain.

Of course our army in the Philippines will not be reduced until the islands are quieted and properly governed. The yellow papers that raised a clamor about insufficient forces tried to discourage recruiting and now are noisy about army reduction.

His Trousers Material.
He was a proud little fellow, as he strutted around in a new pair of trousers that his mother had made for him, and very important he looked as he squared himself in front of his best friend, the corner grocer, and said:

"I bet you can't guess what my trousers are made of."

"Of broadcloth?" asked the grocery man.

"Nope."

"Of jeans?"

"Nope."

"Well, what are they made of then?"

"Of papa's old ones," triumphantly replied the happy little fellow.—Memphis Bulletin.

Japanese Women Divers.
Over 100 Japanese women following the hazardous profession of divers are along the coast of the peninsula. They are divided into four batches, and their ages range from 17 to 30. They are almost exclusively from Shimonoseki, a noted fishing center in Japan. Their earnings are of course not large, as they are paid according to the amount of their work, which consists diving for agar-agar seaweed, sea cucumbers, etc.—Japan Weekly News.

Scott's Emulsion.
Your doctor will tell you so.

All druggists: Soc. and Son
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Another South Carolina Cotton Mill.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 10. The fourth cotton mill to be organized in South Carolina this year is the Limestone at Clarendon, capital \$200,000.

Williams Indian Pot.

Obstinate is a 2000 gallon for PILES. It absorbs, stops REINFORCED GUM, GUM, and GLUE. At Druggist.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound;

relieves the pain, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the household remedy.

For Sale by George Hill, Druggist.

PILE.

For Sale by George Hill, Druggist.

Choice Horses,

Well Equipped Carriage.

JOHN H. BROOKTON.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

A QUEER SENSATION.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HELD UP AT THE POINT OF A REVOLVER.

Curious Phenomenon That Causes Each Man In a Roomful to Believe That a Weapon Is Pointed Straight at His Own Head.

"If you will take my word for it, I experience I had recently, perhaps I can make clear to you how it is possible for three bad men to hold up a roomful of fairly brave men and get away safely with their money," said a merchant from the state of Washington who was a guest at the Lotos club one night recently. "It was in such a hold up not long ago, and I have ceased jeering at fellows who have been through similar experiences. I was one of 70 men who were held up in a big gambling hall, and I am not a regular patron of such places I kept quiet about it at home. The gambling house is one of the best known in the west, and on the night of the hold up it was filled with a representative crowd. A search would have disclosed the fact undoubtedly that many of the men present were armed. No trouble in recent years has occurred in this place, and there was no reason to anticipate any. It was nearly midnight when the door opened and three men masked and each holding two revolvers entered the room.

"Hands up, quick!" shouted the fore-most man.

"I was sitting at a faro table when I heard this command, and as I looked up I found a revolver pointing straight at my head. When I compared notes with the other seventy odd men later, I found that each one had the same experience. There were only six revolvers, and yet each man in this room was willing to swear that one of them was pointed at his head all the time. The crowd was simply paralyzed with fright. For two or three seconds not a man moved. Then over in one corner a Leadville sport brought his hand around to reach his hip pocket.

"Stop that or I'll shoot," said one of the masked men, covering him with his revolver. "Hands up, now; quick! We mean business."

"Every man in that room did hold his hands up. There was no hesitation at that kind of game, but it was not until I was able to take my hands down that I realized how tiresome the operation was. There we stood, each man with his hands stretched high above his head, held up in a room on a busy street when an outcry would bring help at once. It was a pretty sure thing, however, that no one would make the outcry. The three masked men had eyes for every move, and their revolvers pointed all ways at once. It is easy for a man who has not been through such an experience to suggest that if several men had only made a break these fellows would have run. I can honestly say that the barrel of the revolver into which I looked seemed to me to be as large as sewer pipe. I even thought that I could see the end of the bullet, and was awfully afraid that the man who held the revolver would shoot and shoot me by accident. I tried to look pleasant to appease him, and this had taken perhaps a minute and a half when the spokesman said:

"Stand up against that wall with your backs to me, and the man who takes his hands down will get shot. Quick now; gentlemen, if you please. Obey orders, and you won't get hurt."

"We lined up as directed like a lot of schoolboys.

"Now then, my friend here will relieve you of your valuables without your assistance," said the spokesman. "Don't move, because there are two dead shots behind you. Keep quiet, and it will soon be over."

"It was a very cool piece of work, I can assure you. One of the three went straight down the row, taking each man's watch and money. He didn't get as much as he expected, and as near as we could estimate late the total haul was under \$5,000. There was over \$100,000 in the safe which the robbers overlooked. When we had been cleaned out, the spokesman said:

"Now, gentlemen, we are sorry to inconvenience you further, but we shall have to request you to stand just as you are for five minutes more. Don't cut the time short, or you will get hurt."

"The side door opened at this instant, and we heard the order 'Hands up, Chink, or you are dead man!' It was one of our Chinese servants who was returning with a tray filled with drinks. He promptly dropped his tray, smashing all the glasses and threw up his hands. We heard no other sound for five minutes. Each man counted the seconds to make sure that he shouldn't take down his hands ahead of time. The proprietor was the first man to move. As soon as he felt that it was safe he turned and found the robbers gone. He picked up a heavy chair and threw it through the window. It carried the sash with it, and the crash that followed attracted general attention in the street below. The proprietor stuck his head out of the window and profanely shouted such details of the hold up as might put the people in the street on the track of the robbers. It was useless, however. The fellows walked out quietly, took off their masks and disappeared without leaving any clues. We all piled out of the place to aid the search. When we found out that a chase was hopeless, most of us came back to the gambling room to talk it over. When we got to the place, we found the Chink standing in the ruins of his glasses with his hands still above his head. The proprietor told him to take his hands down. The Chink wouldn't do it, and two men who pulled his arms to his side had all they could do to hold him. He had looked in the big barrel of one of those small revolvers, and he hadn't forgotten it.

"Now this was an actual experience, and some of your New York papers had accounts of it. If I were mixed up in an affair of that sort again, I would raise my arms just as quickly. It was expediency and not a yellow streak that made that crowd act as it did."—New York Sun.

Never Caught Alive.

In Lake Derwentwater, in England, there is a species of fish called vendace which we never caught alive. They are said to frequent the deeper parts of the lake and are never met with in the rivers. One or two dead specimens of the breed which have been found in the lake are treasured as curiosities.

Pertile Peru.

Though in the torrid zone, Peru possesses such diversity of elevations and climatic peculiarities as to be able to produce almost any product known to man.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.

The Remarkable Alpine Experience of a King's Messenger.

At a critical moment of international complication which occurred a good many years ago, it was found necessary to send a king's messenger across one of the Alpine passes charged with dispatches the importance of which was so great that they practically involved the issue of peace or war. It was in the depth of winter, and in those days, even under the most ordinary circumstances, a journey across Europe meant no trifling undertaking. The first part of the journey was safely accomplished in postchaise as far as the foot of the pass, where a transfer to a sleigh was necessary. Here, on inquiring at the posting inn for horses and a sleigh, the messenger found to his dismay that none was to be had. "Impossible mountaineer, to go forward this night." Toward evening, however, a private carriage arrived, occupied by one traveler, with a sleigh, several spare horses and plenty of servants—evidently the equipment of a personage of distinction. The traveler halted at the posting inn and after a short parley determined to enter and have dinner, the journey across the pass to be continued at nightfall, when a clear moon might be expected.

Under these circumstances the king's messenger and the other traveler naturally dined together and entered into friendly conversation, with the result that an offer of a place in the traveler's sleigh was gladly accepted by the former. At nightfall the journey across the pass was commenced, the messenger carrying in his hand a small dispatch bag containing his dispatches. The route wound up and up the mountain side, all being soon covered deep in snow. The horses seemed fresh and high minded and were urged at full speed by the driver. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, a man jumped out from a rock. The horses seemed to shy, and in less time than it takes to tell the sleigh was rolling over and over in the snow, with its occupants tossed hither and thither. Some moments elapsed before the half stunned messenger came to his senses, and when he did so the first thing which struck his astonished eyes was the sleigh tearing back down the pass at breakneck speed. No human being was to be seen beside him, his late companions and worse still, his bag of dispatches, which had escaped from his grasp in the tumble, having vanished like magic. Nothing remained but to plod wearily through the snow back to the inn, where all that he could ascertain was that the strange traveler was unknown to the landlord and that he had returned by the way he had come with his own horses, explaining that there had been an accident. Neither the mysterious traveler nor the bag of dispatches was ever traced, nor has the full history of the adventure ever come to light up to the present day.—Quarterly Review.

Monkey and Mirror.

I saw a performing monkey the other day. He went through many tricks very successfully. Toward the end of the performance he was ordered to put on his cocked hat before a hand mirror, which he did. He was next told to set it straight, and he tried on his general's headgear repeatedly at different angles, which had escaped from his grasp in the tumble, having vanished like magic. Nothing remained but to plod wearily through the snow back to the inn, where all that he could ascertain was that the strange traveler was unknown to the landlord and that he had returned by the way he had come with his own horses, explaining that there had been an accident.

Neither the mysterious traveler nor the bag of dispatches was ever traced, nor has the full history of the adventure ever come to light up to the present day.—Quarterly Review.

Whittier's Predicament.

Whittier held "Gail Hamilton" (Abigail Dodge) in the highest esteem, and the letters that passed between them are really most delightful. Here is one of the series in *The Ladies' Home Journal* that is truly characteristic of Whittier. It was written in 1866:

"I must tell thee something dull. Last week the Amoskeag veterans from New Hampshire and Massachusetts company, with military bands, came and paraded before our house, and Governor Smyth of New Hampshire and one or two officers called on me. When they left and I stepped out to see them civilly off, the men in epaulets got up a grand military salute, with music and three cheers to wind up with! Was ever a Quaker in such a predicament? I did, I fear, something to compromise myself by lifting, almost involuntarily, my hand to my hat. But I resisted the temptation and only pulled my hat lower down over my brows by way of testimony."

He Set at Eight.

He was only a little boy, and this was his first diary. It had been given him as a birthday present and was bound in a red cover, with a highly colored picture adorning the front.

"No, you didn't," declared the other. "You made it in 39. You hit that cow 37 times, for I counted every stroke," and Tufts conceded the hole.—San Francisco Argonaut.

FAMILY PEACEMAKERS.

More family troubles are adjusted by the magistrates in this city than the average person would willingly believe. There is hardly a day passes that every member of the minor judiciary is not called upon by a determined husband or wife, usually the latter, to issue a warrant. Nine cases out of ten the applicant is considerably excited and is eager to invoke the aid of the law in settling some trifling controversy. By calm argument and assurances the visitor can usually be persuaded to give the offender of her or his peace and happiness another chance, and a home is perhaps saved from being broken up.—Philadelphia Call.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

"An operation for appendicitis," the surgeon assured the sufferer, "is rather a serious thing, of course, but it is not necessarily an alarming one, and it will demonstrate, moreover, just how much fortitude you have."

"Yes," replied the patient; "I suppose it will show just what's in me. Go ahead."—Chicago Tribune.

PICKING OUT THE WAITERS.

The safest plan to pursue at a reception where the waiters and male guests are clad in swallowtails is to jam your hands into your trouser pockets and jingle a few coins when you meet a stranger. If his eyes begin to bulge with his hand commences to travel toward you, he's a waiter. This is a straight tip.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A BLACKMAILER.

Tommy—I bought this dog to make money out of him. His Sister's Beau. How is that?

Tommy—I expect you to give me 10 cents for it to live up ever' time you come to see sister. He's awful savage.—Ohio State Journal.

RETRIBUTION.

He served a little day by day. Withheld from something that he craved. "The dollar grows," he used to say, "from extra pennies that are saved." The pole of savings grew and grew. Each day he bought more and more; Each night he ran his fingers through and glorified over his golden store. And as his wealth increased his heart shrunk, hardened, shrivelled and decayed. He cheated, gorged and played the part. That made another fool had played.

He rose to power through his wealth; He crushed those who were in the way; He gained a fortune, lost his health and miserably died one day.

Then came his drunken cousin, who had thrashed him when the two were boys. His savings and his feelings, too. One whom he hated now enjoys.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

SCAVENGER OF THE VELDT.

The Aasvogel, Which Keeps the Wild Plains Clean.

Although the term "vulture" has been used for all time as a term of the vilest opprobrium, no one who knows the bird, its appearance and its habits could doubt for a moment that it expresses a depth of degradation which is barely conceivable.

And yet the vulture does a great deal of good in acting as the scavenger of the veldt. But for his quick eye, carnivorous and love of dead meat the disease germs in the carcasses of dead oxen would be far more prolific and dangerous.

Throughout South Africa is found the aasvogel. Go anywhere you like on the veldt, and sooner or later—and in all probability the former—you will find the remains of his gaudy meal. There are hundreds or thousands of oxen used in the transport and trekking service. Many of them die from exhaustion, want of water or cruelty from their Boer masters. Or they may eat of the poisonous tulip, a bulbous plant growing in marshy places.

A kurneyor, or teamster, soon knows if any one or more of his oxen have been eating tulip. The neck of the ox swells, his eyes close up, he gives short, sharp coughs, and his ease is generally hopeless. Sometimes, however, he may be saved, and this by a peculiar, homoeopathic sort of remedy. If the bulb of the tulip plant is crushed into pulp, mashed with hot water and forced boiling hot down the throat of the ox he may recover.

The quickness of the eye of the aasvogel is simply astounding. An ox falls out of the team, evidently ill. He is outspanned from his yoke fellow, and he goes down to the spruit, or stream. The sky above and away to the horizon on all sides is absolutely clear and cloudless.

Hardly has the breath left the body of the poor ox than you may observe far, far away up in the sky a tiny black speck, then another and another and another, until there are 20 of them. Gradually they get larger and larger, circling round in even diminishing circles all the while they descend. The dead ox forms the center of the circumference of their flight. Within a few minutes the grisly hawks swoop down upon the still warm beast and commence their ghastly task.

An hour afterward there is nothing in the spruit but a bundle of bleached white bones that might have been there for months. The sky is clear and speckless again. The aasvogel has scavenged the veldt.

DEWEY PUT OUT THE FIRE.

And Likewise Spoiled the Fun of the Troublesome Jackies.

A military university president who was formerly a naval officer recently told the story of an amusing experience which fell to the lot of Admiral Dewey while he was serving as executive officer of the Colorado at the close of the civil war:

"A new officer on board a ship," said the professor, "is put through a 'course of sprouts' by the 'jackies'—the common sailors—who are pretty skilful at that sort of fuzing. It is often disagreeable and embarrassing for the new officer, but the sailors usually manage it so cleverly that they keep within the regulations."

"One of the rules on board ship is that the men shall not carry matches. A lantern is kept burning for the convenience of smokers."

"As young Dewey came on deck early one morning, one of the Colorado's roughest characters said to a shipmate who was confined with him in the brig, or ship's prison, in a tone loud enough for Dewey to hear:

"Bill, I've got some matches in my pocket, and I've a blamed good notion to burn this old ship under his feet."

"Dewey didn't say a word, but immediately turned on his heel and rang out the fire bell, at the same time calling 'Fire on the brig!'

"Such an alarm, so early in the morning, before the men had tumbled out of their quarters, was unwelcome, but in a few seconds the decks swarmed with half dressed sailors, who manned the four powerful fire nozzles which protected the brig.

"Of course Dewey, as executive officer, directed the steamer, and in a few moments two very wet, very cold, very much disgusted and half drowned sailors were howling for mercy.

"Dewey shouted: 'Fire out! Make secure!' Then he turned to the dripping sailors and said, 'I guess those matches of yours are too wet to do much damage now.'—Youth's Companion.

HE GUESSED IT.

"Permit me to suggest, miss, that you are not looking your best," said the photographe.

"I know it," she replied.

"The way you have used the powder and the pencil gives you a rather ghastly appearance."

"I know it," she said again, "and when you touch it up, if you can make the cheeks look sunken and the eyes listless, I wouldn't mind paying you something extra."

"Yes, res, of course," he returned, beginning to comprehend. "Ravages of blighted affection and all that. When does your broach of promise case come up for trial?"—Chicago Post.

MOTIVES.

Wrong motives for action bring ruin in their train; right motives cannot fail to bring success. "Right for right's sake" is the only safe guide for our children, for ourselves. And it is a sufficient one. Contrary to the accepted idea of many grown people, a child can grasp it. I am not sure that if often a child can grasp this truth much more clearly than an adult, because the youthful mind is less fogged by worldly wisdom.—Ladies' Home Journal.

OUTLIVED THE ROMANCE.

Mrs. Marmaduke (enthusiastically)—See those young lovers sitting so close together on that bench, Tom? How beautifully the future opens before them! How happy they are! To them everything is possible!

Mr. Marmaduke—And nothing probable.—Harper's Bazaar.

FORGOTTEN HER CALLING.

"Yes, the doctor ordered him sent to the hospital. He wasn't getting the right kind of care at home."

"Let's see. Whom did he marry?"

"His wife was a trained nurse."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE DOCTOR OBJECTED.

Refused to Treat a Patient Until He Received His Fee.

"I used to think I was a pretty wise guy," said Will McCormick, a New York stage manager, to a New York Telegraph reporter, "but since a little experience I had recently I am willing to throw up my hands and humbly confess that I am not fit in any sense of the word. As I left the door of the theater I met a young woman standing outside who was crying with pain. I asked her what the trouble was, and she replied she had suddenly been taken ill and could not walk home. She told me she lived in West Forty-eighth street, and I volunteered to accompany her.

"She led me to a dark house and to her room in the rear, where she fell to the floor and began screaming for me to go to the front room and get a doctor. I went to the apartment she designated, tapped on the door, and a young man came out and asked what I wanted.

"'Are you a physician?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied calmly.

"'Well,' I said, 'come to the back room; there is a young woman thereだらけに'—

—J. Russell Taylor in Scribner's.

BALLAD.

"Whither away? Shall we sail or stay? Whither away?" I said.
"Into the sunset's glory of gold and passion of rose red?"
Over the water changed to wine and into the sky we dip.
But never a fairer shore than this shall find out, sweet ship.
Not though by shadow, Araby we drop at last,
And in the dusk our weary sails came rattling down the mast.<br

